

Everything is brighter in the final  
Flicker of the candle;  
at that instant, before lips purse  
and light curls up in oblivion.

Everyone is waiting for the boomerang  
to sail away.  
Everything is waiting for the lightning  
to stick.  
Everyone is waiting for the faucet  
to run dry.  
Everyone is waiting for their candle  
to go out.

john berryman's unnumbered dream song

don't whoa' back berryman,  
john  
brother,  
for your unnumbered  
dream song is on my lips;  
your lovers  
will care for henry --

driven wishbone  
snapping on the ice plate,  
your unfinishin'  
your work  
raced up the team,  
(my fences was tore at  
the joints)  
when i heard  
that you had reached  
the bridge:  
juncture of unsung  
and allsung  
childhood nightmares,  
thrashing.  
you filled  
the ice-cracks with the blood  
of your  
imagination,  
and lastingly you and father  
could speak  
the same tongues!

we've been waved away  
and i prayed for you john,  
berryman  
don't whoa' back now,  
for i'm  
driven on bleary  
to  
mr. bones ...